A merry Progreſse to London to ſee Faſhions, by a young Country Gallant, that had more Money then Witte. To the tune of, Riding to Rumford.

My Mother to Heauen is gone,
ten Pounds ſhe gaue mee;
Now neuer a Penny's left,
as God ſhall haue mee:
Yet ſtill my heart is free,
I liue at liberty,
And keepe good company,
taking Tobacco.

Old Woman, fare thou well,
thankes for thy kindneſſe,
My Plough and Cart are gone,
with my good Geldings:
I haue no foote of Land,
Nor one Groat at command:
Which way then ſhall I ſtand
to a pipe of Tobacco?

My Purſe will chincke no more,
my Pocket's empty:
I am turnd out of doore,
farewell good Company.
Friendſhip now ſlender growes,
Pouerty parteth thoſe
That for Drinke ſell their Cloathes
and for Tobacco.

My Cloake is layde to pawne,
with my old Dagger:
Neither is quite out of throwne,
how ſhall I ſwagger?
Yet I'le doe what I can,
And be no Coward tho,
But prooue my ſelfe a man,
at a pipe of Tobacco.

In an old Satten ſuite
worth a Penny,
With a Gallant I'le brag it braue,
as braue as any.

What though my Credit's loſt,
Yet can I find a Poſt
Still to ſcore with mine Hoſt,
for a pipe of Tobacco.

Upon a proper Nagge
daintely paced;
To London firſt I came,
all with Gold laced:
Then with my Puncke each day,
Road I to ſee a Play;
There went my Gold away,
taking Tobacco.

Twenty good Sheepe I brought,
left by my Mother:
Ewes and Lambs, Cowes & Calues,
one with the other:
With which I payd a ſhot,
For a Pipe and a Pot:
All theſe were brauely got,
and ſpent in Tobacco.

No companion was I then
for clownish Carters:
I wore imbroidred Hoſe,
with golden Garters:
My Siluer-hatched Sword,
Made me ſweare like a Lord,
Come Rogue, (at euery word)
fill mee Tobacco.

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fill mee Tobacco.

To the same tune.

THen tracing the gallant Streets
of London Citty,
A Damsell mee kindly greets,
courtious and witty:
Shee like a singing Larke,
Led mee into the darke,
Where I soone payd a Parke
for a Pipe of Tobacco.

To Smithfield then gallantly
tooke I my iorny,
Where I left soone behind
part of my Mony:
There I found out a Puncke,
With whom I was so drunke,
That my Purse bottome shrunke
away with Tobacco.

Pickthatch and Clarken-well,
made me so merry,
Untill my Purse at last
began to grow weary:
Yellow-starcht bonny Kate,
with her fine nimble pate,
Coosond mee of my plate,
with a pipe of Tobacco.

Then for Good-fellowship,
to Garden-ally,
I hied mee to search for
Daughters of folly:
There I found roaring Boyes,
with their faire Female toyes:
And the Diuell making toyes
to take Tobacco.

After, to Shores-ditch then,
stood I beholding:
Where I found sinners store,
of the Diue's moulding:
I speake for no slaunder,
The Puncke and her Pander,
Like a Goose and her Gander,
tooke whiffes of Tobacco.

To Saint Katharns past I next,
not without trouble:
Where my Purse lashed out,
drinking Beere double:
At euery health that
payd I there to my host;
And the Sauce to my cost,
was a Crowne for Tobacco.

To Ratcliffe and Wapping then,
went I for Shipping;
Where as a Lasse louingly
gaue mee a whipping:
There was a bonny Wench,
Stroke a Maile would not clench,
That taught me finely French,
taking Tobacco.

Then straight to Westminster
made I aduenter,
To finde Good fellowes (who)
will'd mee to enter,
Where I felt such a smoake,
As might the Diuell choake,
There went away my Cloake,
with the smoake of Tobacco.

Backward to Barbican
quickly I hasted:
There met I honest Iohn,
My Mony being wasted:
A Pipe and a Pot (quoth hee)
My friend Ile bestow on thee;
Then lets to No-body,
there's the best Tobacco.

Now farewell Good-fellowship,
London I leaue thee:
Neuer more whilst I liue,
shall they deceiue mee.
Euery Streete, euery Lane,
Holds mee in disdaine,
London hath wrought my bane,
so farewell Tobacco. *Finis.*

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